

Children's Department.

QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE
And study nature with his II
And think of what he CC.
He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree D KK,
It makes a home for BB.
A yoke of oxen he will UU,
With many haws and GG,
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When plowing for his PP.
He little buys, but much he sells,
And therefore little OO;
And when he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose.

—Selected.

ONE OF THE LEAST.

EMMA B. GNAGEY.

It was the first day of school and a great day for most of the children of Croton. The neighbors smiled and nodded to one another as they watched the merry children pass by. "There goes Nellie Barton. Doesn't that child have the loveliest dresses," said one lady to another, as two little girls passed by. "Yes," said the other with a sigh, "but I fear she is not very lovely herself." Her words were only too true. Even at that very moment Nellie was proving that she was not "very lovely." "Oh, isn't Mary Brown a sight? I don't see why she needs to dress so ugly. Ever since they live here which is about six weeks that child has ran barefooted. Isn't it dreadful," she said to her companion, Helen. "Well, I should say so. Just look at that shawl. I don't think shawls were ever meant for children. They suit grandmothers better. And such an ugly, checkered thing as that is any way," she said looking down at her own pretty jacket. But they had now reached the school house and said no more about this. "Have you seen the new teacher yet?" asked Belle Harden as she met them in the hall. "No, is she nice looking," said both in one breath. "Real. She dresses awfully plain, but I think I shall like her. Mary Brown seems to be very well acquainted with her. She was speaking with her so much." Nellie looked wonderingly at Helen. Before this the teacher had been "fine" as they expressed it. Surely no one very fine would pay much attention to Mary. After seeing the new teacher they decided that she was very nice.

Miss Brown, for this was her name, after speaking a few words to her pupils said, "For our morning's text we will take these words: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have

done it unto me. Let each one take these words home and consider them."

Two more unhappy girls than Nellie and Helen were all that day one will seldom find. Nellie's unhappiness was increased when, upon her arrival home her mother said, "It seemed to me when I met Mrs. Brown I must know her. And how happy I was to learn that she is an old school friend of mine. Her name was Miss Swineford. I suppose you have often heard me speak of her. Papa and I are going to help her get a position. She is an excellent sewer. And Miss Brown, your teacher is her sister-in-law. She is about as poor as they, but very bright. Her getting this school helped her so much. I hope you will all be very nice to Mary. Remember they are very poor." "Indeed, I shall," said Nellie. The next morning the girls were very much surprised to see Helen and Nellie walking around with Mary and all three seemed to be enjoying themselves. Not many days passed by before they had secured a position for Mrs. Brown. Nellie and Mary became the best of friends. Nellie never enjoyed a school term as she did that one. And the words that helped her most were four which Miss Brown had spoken that September morning, "One of the least."

ONE KIND OF A BOY.

"Watch that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. He it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great pains to find a good place.

First, he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments, he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There he's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer it," said Phil.

"And—well, if I ever! if he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mamma, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair, and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mamma, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman. —*The Watchman.*

A MOTMER WORTH HAVING.

"Now, Ralph, you know mother never lets you go to the pond unless some man is with you. Father and Sam are gone, and if anything should happen, what could I do?"

"H'm! you seem to think I want to drown myself. The boys say I'm 'fraid to go with 'em cause my mother don't want me to; but I jest told 'em I'd go if I wanted to."

"I shall cry all the time for fear you'll get hurt."

"Fore I'd be a cry-baby! I say, Mandy, I'm big enough to take care of my-self. Good-by."

Ralph lived near a station where I was waiting for a train when the floor was deluged with cold water, to be washed with a broom; so I went to the only house in sight and asked if I might sit by the fire. It was far West. I should pass that way but once. Could I help those dear children?

"Ralph," said I, "please come here a moment. I am a stranger, but I want to tell you a story about Tom and Cliff, two schoolboys. Tom sneered at Cliff because he refused to go nutting, as his mother expected him home.

"Pshaw!" said Tom; "I'd go, mother or no mother!" and when Cliff replied that he wouldn't want a mother who was not worth minding, he was very angry; but his teacher said, Tom, people will not know that your mother is worth obeying unless you show them that she is." Do you think, Ralph, that your mother is worth minding?"

"Yes, marmee! she's good and nice."

"But are you not making the boys think she is not worth much by refusing to do as she wishes? Many people who do not see your mother will think that she is a fine woman if you try to please her."

"I s-e-e! I won't go-to-the-pond;" and when I left the station he was waving a cheery good-by.—*Mrs. N. D. Algier, in Sunday-school Advocate.*

It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities than to assert that he does not.—*Chinese Moral Maxim.*